

ILLUSTRATED BY C. D. BATCHELOR.

T the side of a muddy, shell-torn road stood a man, in the garb of an American Army captain, gazing down upon a man seated upon an ammunition box, gingerly manipulating her left ankle. She—for the figure was that of a young woman—wore a knee-length skirt of khaki, exposing legs in spirals of yellow and black. Her eyes were about her shoulders, and in her hands a visored cap.

And most striking was the head, a head with abundant yellow hair; hair, clear, light-blue eyes looking from a face tanned leathery brown. She had been recognized by any service man as a member of a French automobile corps, and she had overturned ambulance train near by.

It was not France; it was a section of the Balkans.

"Sure I do,"

"Then be nice."

"I will be nice. Upsetting me in the middle of a picture this way! Let's see—"

He glanced at a sheet of paper in his right hand, and then he shot that scene where Allen drops from the second-story window with the girl in his arms, maybe after a shell sets the house on fire.

Hester Dane walked away to her dressing room.

The fifteen-foot jump was so flawless, and so realistic, that Hanes forgot an instant forgot his artistic instincts in the theater. He had broken her neck. But she sat up, blinking, when the German soldiers came.

There were two sides to the art of Hester Dane—Hester being one side, and the other being the other side. He never got very far from the drawing room, the bed chamber, the limousine, the motor car, the telephone, the knock-down-and-drag-out features, which had contributed no small element to her fame, was supplied by Nathalie Bell, the girl who "took the

[illegible]

to the Mohicans outfit. On the level of
do I look all right?"

"I've turned to Nathalie Bell."

"I said you making eyes at him," she
laughed. "Arnold Tully! And you
jumped onto his horse and held his
head and his neck and his arm, though he
wasn't even Jesse James."

Nathalie, gazing into the starlight
darkness, said that Arnold and Nathan had
vanished, made no reply.

The headlights of Tully's car came
plunging down the trail, down the trail
in something more than an hour after
his departure. The driver alighted
and the others followed him to the
seat while the others climbed into
the tonneau. It was not until the car
had disappeared into the darkness
upon a rutted ore-road that Tully
uttered anything more than a mono-
syllable.

"Now," he said, glancing sideways.
"the going will be a bit more com-
fortable."

"Oh, it's been all right," replied
Hester. "Don't think about it. I went on
concerns for nothing. I'm not a mother
of a stranger to me Mr. Tully."

"You smoke, of course," said Tully, offering a cigarette case.

"No." The girl giggled. "I never have. But I think tonight I'd like to try."

"All right," she said, handing him the case. Whereupon she smoked one, and thereafter several additional cigarettes, until she had a big coughing fit that was not to be concealed. Nathalie did not smoke. Nathalie did not talk much.

Some time after midnight Nathalie, unable to sleep, arose and dressed, and went out to the terrace.

On all sides mountain peaks hulked into the night with its close white mists, and the silence of vast mountain spaces. It was though the girl were a part of it all so hither and thither she wandered. Her mood, that Tully's voice had stirred from around the corner of the house, came from another world. She did not moan.

"I'm sort of a queer chap," he was saying.

She didn't hear Miss Dane's reply.

"Oh, I really am," he went on. "Live with me, alone out here. Go east in the summer, but stay here in the love."

"The fuck is that, is that what I tell you for, Hester? Dane? He paused for a picture. "I mean, of course, in the pictures. I had never met her—you know, she was just a girl in the picture. A girl I had known in the flesh. I suppose I'm talking like a fool."

"You don't mind my saying that it wasn't your baby-doll stuff I cared for. I was in love with her. And she was what didn't stand out."

"What did? There was a note of surprise in Hester's face.

"Well, your scenes in action; you sweep, your horseman's action, your poised action. I was in love with that. That was a girl for you! In my room, I have two portraits: one is of Hester Dane and one is of you."

Hanes: "Never could shoot, anyway."
"I grabbed de camera and dropped it," groaned Sheridan. "Call me a dead fool; I am one, all right, but I'm right."
"You were in France, Mr. Tully?"
"Yes, I was," Tully said. "I never hear of emergency trenchmen-ter!"
"God, s'it!" Tully swung around. "Here, Sheridan, and Hanes, come up out of that and give a dead end to some of these soldiers and to Nathalie. "You three keep bring."

Initially the three men dragged rocks into position, and while the enemy stood at bay, firing, an effective defense was soon set up and reared. But it was not done without cost. Sheridan dropped with a bullet to the chest, and the other two sent the guards had a shattered right arm.

The Mexicans pressed on up the trail, but the men were determined to alter the nature of the obstacle. Following a period of silence, broken only by the sound of the machine gun, a idea, apparently, was to wait for re-

Hints of dawn became established, and the darkness of the night was sustained. Presently a vast arm, like the shaft of a searchlight quivered over the water, and the light came sailing across the canyon. It lightened a craft that would have been prized as the finest in the lake. The lady, a blonde, Miss Bell was standing erect, her rifle in the hollow of her arm, watching the dawn as it came. The face of the dawn was in her corn-colored hair; it touched her indomitable face, and she was as resilient, beautifully poised figure.

FALCONRY was one of the most fashionable sports or customs of other times, falconry being the training of certain birds to chase others.

Some nine species of hawks and falcons were employed, and we hear of the sport being pursued as early as four hundred years before Christ, so that it is one of the most ancient on record.

It is still in vogue in the vicinity of Abasheher, in Persia, the Bedouins of Sahara capturing large numbers of birds to sell for this purpose.

The extent to which the sport prevailed in olden times may be imagined when it is learned that in the year 1290 Kubla Khan, that famous Tartar prince, owned no fewer than ten thousand tame birds (falcons). When hunting he rode an elephant, his men forming a great circle, so that Kubla Khan could enjoy the flight of the birds as they darted after their victims driven into the air by the beaters.

In the seventeenth century one of the kings of Persia was a famous falconer. He owned at least 800 finely trained birds that were edu-

haps from the expense of maintaining so large an establishment, and it may be that the growing sense of humanity has something to do with it. At any rate, it is not known to-day in Europe except on certain very large estates, where it has been perpetuated simply because it was an old custom of the family in the sixteenth or the seventeenth century, when falconry reached the zenith of its popularity.

cities of India and China men are seen in the streets carrying hawks upon their wrists, as their ancestors did in the past.

For the most part the birds employed in the sport are members of those of the genus *Falco*, and of those of the genus *Falco*. The two classes of birds that falconers have long used are, first, the noble birds, the long-winged birds, and second, the short-winged birds. The noble birds are those to great heights and struck the prey with a single rush; and second, the short-winged birds are those that fly low.

The noble birds were taught to rise above the quarry and then to strike the air until the quarry often was out of sight. The short-winged birds were started, while the noble birds were thrown from the hand the moment the quarry was sighted.

At times very small hawks were employed and taken in the hands and feet of the falconer. These birds were flushed quarry. A vast number of terms were employed in falconry, and it is not possible to give a complete list of the terms necessary to understand the sport, but I will in this connection.



"Who said we could, Raile? How long since you've been running the show?" Hester Dane asked. "Miss Dane's director, fumed inarticulately while Raile discreetly withdrew.

"You better get out of here, Hester. You're making me look like a fool." "Oh, I'll do that again."

"You bet you will," barked the director. "You know you keep that hat lower over your eyes and your face turned away more. Remember, you're Hester Dane, not Miss Bell."

"You're right, Miss Bell. Sink your teeth into this."

So the ambulance was placed upon the wheel, and Kathleen climbed to the starting-point around the back of the building. The men who smoke-puffs concealed themselves in the canvas roofs of the buildings. The ambulance lurched forward, then, suddenly, on at full speed, turned suddenly and skidded, while unseen hands, hauling upon the cables, pulled it back. On the other side of the car away from the camera pulled the car over upon its side, and the ambulance crashed.

"She landed in a heap."

"Lie there! Turn heavily on your face. Throw out your arms. Turn over on your side. That's it. Now the soldiers Pick her up, you men, her face away from the camera. That's it. Fine! Dig out the wounded. Right!" His shrill whistle blew, and the camera crew moved.

It was the last scene but one of the "continuity" to be taken in the picture. The horror of the cast could move to the open. With everything now on schedule, the director had come to the end of his rope. The camera came. But more important than a merely personal attitude was the necessity of the good camera man. That, by the way, was Hester Dane's great appeal—the blindingly intelligent and strenuous. A play that did not involve sharp contrasts of this nature was not a play.

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jumpers" of the brightest star of the Essential Film Company's galaxy.

Nathalie was the daughter of a horse breeder and a gambler, a person less a thoroughbred than his horses. But a loyal tendency to back the horse he bred and a somewhat thoroughly sportsmanlike but utterly ruinous system of operation in the stock market, had eventually brought him to the ruin of his blue-and-white racing colors for the red flag of the sheriff. He did not long survive the time of his ruin, and the time of his death being eighteen.

Nathalie came to New York and spent her early years in the con-ducted by a famous American landscape painter. In the European world she was known as a model actress attached to the first division of re-ulars, serving through thick and thin until the armistice was signed, when she came to America.

An advertisement of the Essential Film Company in quest of a girl for attention. She most certainly seemed to fill the bill. She was a splendidly beautiful girl, a champion champion and could ride anything that wore hoofs. A better double for a greater dancer than any girl in the world, which fact was speedily made clear. But for some strange reason she was not registered as a dancer in the film; she was simply a fine, swinging, healthy girl whose art of breeding and producing the finest of proud Kentuckians for more than a hundred and fifty years the daughter of a Brooklyn motorman. Her golden hair had a ripple; her lips were a wonderful baby smile; she had the faculty of being able to register a smile without feeling any of them. Of the screen she had acquired a viceroy, but she had earned a reputation for her kindness, from a certain native shrewdness, she had the intellectual depth of a pullet.

Her beauty was of the thin, breakable, porcelain type, depending for the whole upon a good look for the foremost, outdoor sort; her lips required no paint, her cheeks no rouge, her hair was blonde, and she spoke closely and tersely on a lady's

All its details the fate from which they had been delivered. Reaching out, he placed his hand upon Hester's forehead, as if surprised to find it so impatiently; her eyes and thoughts were upon the cow-puncher. He was looking at her with a steady gaze, shouldered and clear-eyed. Obviously, he was finding Nathalie Bell easy to understand. She had swung herself to the ground and was smiling up at him.

Hester and Nathalie were forming a remarkable picture, and it was not in Hester Dane's nature to permit anything to pass unobserved or unnoticed in anything. She moved forward in the most alluring manner, her lips drooped suggestively.

"You did something great for us," she cooed. "I am sure I am very grateful."

The man nodded negligently.

"We's all out gunning for Mexican I. W. W.'s—mine-workers more than anybody else here. They've been about lately. There was a cloud burst up the valley—always dangerous around here. You know what you're going up like the gulch. Thought I'd better warn you."

"Oh!" said the richly bully of you, Hanes began. "My name is Hanes, of the Essential Film Company. We were out here yesterday afternoon, going home, tried to return. I guess Courtney Ralle and the rest of the crowd got in some of those sensational comprehensive thriller-action ranges from France to the Willam West. But this beats anything we've filmed."

The man slipped down from his horse and dropped the reins over the saddle.

"You came off pretty well, I should say. These torments catch 'em hard. I don't ever talk about it much afterward."

"I think," interrupted Hanes, pointing prettily, "that Mr. Hester might introduce me. I am Hester Dane, of the Essential."

* * *

"Look! The man stepped toward her. "You're rather popular around here, Miss Dane. I'm delighted to know you. You're hard to get, stranger; we have every one of your pictures shown at the mess hall

Then you laid I was to you, Jimmy Darrell has talked to me a lot about you.

"Yes, Jimmy Darrell, eh?"

"Yes, Jimmy and I are old friends. He came out to Los Angeles the other day and told me—his name is Jimmy—so."

"That so?"

Tully swung the car to the left into a canyon, one side of which was dotted with the buildings of the mine. For some distance the road was straight, but were merely vague blurs against the dark. At a creek they had passed a small building, and then the road turned, and car stopped in front of the company's office, a guard similarly armed came out.

Hester glanced about uneasily; then noting the figures of other armed guards, who were standing in pairs, he said the war was over!

"The war with these people, said Tully quickly, "has just begun."

"You're right," said Jimmy Darrell, he said, "I hope you'll end it worth while."

Then took Hester's arm, assisting him up the rugged pathway, the rest trailing in the rear. They left the silence up the mountain, behind which, as they neared the top, could be seen the dark, jagged peaks of the electric lights of the shaft buildings gleaming some quarter of a mile below the haven't got to climb that, too, have we?" asked Hester, who was breathing hard.

No. Tully laughed, pointing to the large, square structure, a single light showing in one window.

"That's the main shaft," he said, "and open a rustic gate behind which were a night of stone steps leading up to the Mission-type."

"My word!" Hester Dane darted into one of the great wicker chairs that lined the broad veranda. "Hav I been here before?"

The interior of the house, which was handsomely furnished, had room upon the floor, and a large open space, or open court, in the center of which a fountain tinkled musically. Carpeted with a pattern of blue and white, the floor was appointed dining room flowing softly from under crimson curtains.

Then he saw a beautiful spot appeared

Hanes and Sheridan, half dressed, came in. Hester Dane stood waiting in the doorway. Nathalie, who had picked up a bandolier of her father's, stepped forward, adjusting it about her shoulder.

"That's it," Tully glanced at her. "You're all right."

"Put it on these belts. Come on—hurry."

"Where are we going?" Hester Dane, powdered as a bullet crashed through the transom, sending a shower of glass about her head.

"To the mill," Nathalie cried. "We can't defend this place—too easily surrounded here. He seized the girls by the arm, the army half of the half dragged her out the door to the trail.

"The rest of the mine guards came up the trail, firing as they retreated, just as the party from the house came down the steps.

"I'm scattered the rest of us," Nathalie said one of the guards to Tully.

"Don't know how many they've killed or how many are left."

"All right. Go on up to the shaft. You fellows keep firing. We'll save our bullets for the mine guards."

"I can't walk one bit further," cried Hester Dane hysterically.

"I know," Nathalie said. "You sometimes can't feel it until you drop dead or something." She sat in the trail weeping and uttering hysterical cries.

Without a word Tully turned back, handed his rifle to her and knelt, holding her by his shoulder.

"Hurry on up to the shaft," he cried to the men.

"Nathalie Bell seized him by the arm."

"Can't go," he said. "Mr. Tully told me to wait on you every second. Give her a rest."

NATHALIE literally pulled the girls to the ground, shaking her and kissing the star's teeth rattled and her curls straightened out over her head.

"You'll be all right," she said. "You understand!"

"Nathalie in a low voice. "You'll walk, you disgusting little coward—or we'll leave you here for these Mexicans to handle."

And the actress, cowed and frightened, turned and fled up the trail alone.

into the treacherous depths of the canyon below, while others sought comfort on the bare face of the mountain.

For a moment Nathalie stood motionless, her lips parted, her eyes staring upon the scene below.

Arnold Tully came to her.

"Miss Bell," he said, "in my room before the house was burned I had two photographs of Hester Dane. One of them—"

"I know," Nathalie's voice caught. "I heard you telling it to Miss Dane. I couldn't help hearing. I was on the veranda, in an awful sore."

"I asked her to tell me which was the real Hester Dane—the Hester Dane I could worship, could—"

She held out her hand.

"Did you believe what she said about me—about me?"

He swept the question away with a savage gesture.

"I asked her to tell me which was the Hester Dane who had filled my life with something, something—oh, what's the use," Nathalie Bell! "—her hands in her shoulders, his eyes searching hers.

Suddenly her head fell forward upon his breast, and she wept.

Arnold Tully looked up at the morning sky and smiled.

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of the hawks and of the people employed in the sport, but when he had been so long in the country he had become accustomed to rise up and receive him on his entrance, and even on some occasions to salute him.

In France the grand falconer was an officer of great importance. His salary was 4,000 florins, and he was attended by fifty gentlemen and fifty assistant falconers. Besides this, he was allowed to keep 400 falcons for his own benefit, and to make every vender of hawks in the kingdom pay a license, and, moreover, to pay him a fee on every falcon he killed. The king's viceroy rode out unattended by this officer.

In the time of Henry VIII the taking of an egg, a hawk or falcon was punishable by imprisonment for a year and a day and a fine at the king's pleasure, even if the eggs or birds were the offender's own property. No one but the king or queen could use the peregrine falcon, a grey heron, the gooshawk, a priest, the sparrowhawk, and a servant or attendant was obliged to confine himself to the kestrel.

It will be seen that the sport was most popular, and offered much study to its devotees. It gradually fell into disfavor, however, per-

OWN COUNTRY.

Call Instruments.

of the horns of animals, while those who lived near bamboo forests utilized sections of pith-cleared stalk.

In the case of the instrument known as a shofar from Egypt, made of a twisted ram's horn—an instrument used in the Jewish religious service, and which modern members of that ancient race blow each year on the Jewish New Year. As this horn is made of the same material as the rest of the world, it offers presumptive evidence that the call is the same today as it was in the days of old.

Some horn in the exhibit is a large tibia from Mexico, and the large

could keep above it was safe; so that it was a race for the upper position, and should the falcon gain this after a struggle, the buzzard's head was doomed. It is interesting, in this relation, to note that during the war the falcon was the symbol of the tactics of the falcon in trying to dispose of its enemy.

Weddings in China.

ON her wedding day the Chinese bride is clad in red and carries in a sedan chair covered with red. Any person who wishes may turn back the chair curtains and have a look at the bride. Hayseed takes the place of rice and confetti. The bride's hair is elaborately oiled, and so when the girls throw hayseeds at her neck stick. When she has reached the end of the journey she has come to the home of her husband and must bear the candid criticism of the whole family.

The wedding ceremony is nothing more than a rice affair. Instead of throwing it, the guests eat it. They take a spoonful of rice from each other's bowl, then mix the rice and both eat from the same bowl—and they are married.

Of course there is a feast, but the custom makes it such that the American father of a respectable son and the Chinese father of the bride. Every guest contributes something and so it costs very little.

It is a very curious custom to paint that looks like the skin of a mummy case. This huge instrument needs to be placed on the floor and is made up of a large number of one side of the bridge with adjustable ivory finger nails. Another odd example that suggests the hula-hoop is a long string of beads hanging upward to a single curved mass that is a "soun" from Burmah, which is said to produce sweet, wind-like sounds.

These open played instruments begin with the most primitive native instruments of the South American, the instrument of the latter

NATHALIE glanced at the doctor. "I merely twisted my foot the first time I jumped. You're quite all right." She took another jump—no more.

"Hush!" he commanded. Hushed hesitated, then turned away abruptly to greet a young woman who was walking down the war-torn street.

Her wealth of yellow hair was crowned by a sea-green picture hat, and her charming gown, stockings and slippers were of a color to match. Her eyes were blue, but not such a steel blue as Phinney's. She drew a long breath, she swallowed suddenly.

"Good morning," The director greeted her dubiously. "You knew there was nothing for you today."

"Sure I knew; I wouldn't work today," she said. "The doctor didn't break up until five o'clock this morning. Her eyes rolled heavenward."

"That's what I want to hear," said the director, gesturing toward Nathalie. "The production nearly went to hell because of your accident. A foot as she jumped out of the ambulance—thought she'd broken it."

"But she hasn't," said Nathalie with an impetuous stare.

"She's always doing something." The suddenity she flashed. So the show would have a little flooie, eh? That's the way it hits you! What do you think I am in this company?" Her eyes glared at him.

"You find fifty roughnecks willing to take falls for a hundred a week, I can find a good many more than the stock stuff, Phinney, and you'll be flooie with me; do you get me?"

"What do you mean by that?" the director flailed his hands. "I—I—who took you—" when you were nothing but—"

"Be careful, Phinney!"

"Careful? The hell with careful! What do you think I am? I'm through!"

Hester giggled.

"Such a temper!" Don't you love me?"

The sun was beginning to sink behind the huddled shoulders of the distant Bradshaw mountains; the hills in the middle ground were turning blood red. The scene was one of utter desolation. To the eastward hung a dark cloud, indicative of rain somewhere among the mountains. Phinney's face was thin, sensitive to the weather. He was settled intently ahead. Clouds were the least of his worries as he turned the touring car into an arroyo and stepped on the accelerator.

"You may be the original Wisconsin hunter, Phinney, but you've got to show me." Hester Dane settled down in her dust-coat in a species of grinning indifference. "You know the road from the other side of the canon. A man on horseback, a cowboy apparently, was riding a steed across the little valley at a gallop, his obvious intention being to intercept the party."

"Ha!" A note of triumph played about Hester Dane's deeper note of apprehension. "You knew the road, didn't you? You use it, Phinney, you've run us into a highwayman's trap. Well, I hope he gets your roll."

"I don't think he will," Hester Dane divined to the floor of the car. The horseman had ceased attempting to ride the car, and was drawing his revolver.

"My God!" Hester Dane smugled down, feeling the levers below the dashboard.

Nathalie Bell sat leaning forward, motionless, a gleam in her gray eyes. "What's that?" she asked, aiming at the tires. He proved an excellent marksman; the first shot punctured the left tire. Hester Dane forfeited the other. The car skidded, and for a thrilling instant seemed on the verge of turning over.

"I'm the man," he answered, "I want to meet you."

"That's awfully nice," glowed the star. "And now that we are going to do?"

"You can't go to Mayer tonight," said that certain."

"Mayer does seem a long way off."

Hester smiled pathetically.

The man gestured.

"If you'll work around the hill behind us," he said, "we'll come to you. It's late now, there and ride back for you in a car. It's only about eight miles. In the morning I'll come to Mayer."

"Bully for you!" Hanes walked up to the man. "Might as well go. The boys are invited for your timely rescue!"

"Oh, my name's Tully." He strode off, and the boys and the rescue sprang in the rear.

Struggling under his horse at the head of the hill, Hester saw the light of the car coming.

"Holy Mike!" Hester Dane crept up to Hanes. "Do know who that is?"

"Certainly I do; Tully. You nut!"

Hester stared at the girl.

"You nut, I said. That fellow? Arnold Tully, son of the biggest cop in New York City. Arnold Tully—don't you get it, ridiculous. He owns the particular mine I'm going to work."

"H. York? A queer chap! Spending most of his time out here, but when he comes back he's a big shot. He's a hum—hum—mean in a swell way. He's the real, simon-pure, social-register goods. Yes, I'm certain he's a swell. He's a swell, that's that guy." She paused, giggling. "I guess I'm excited, eh? Talk about rescue, you got up here to the rescue, and then who washes in?"

"But Mr. Gold-dust Tully? Soft, eh?"

"I suppose," said Tully, "you lost all your luggage with the car."
"No," replied the hotel at Mayers-
"fortunately," exclaimed Hannah.
"Which doesn't do you much good
here," Tully said, "and I pass up the
chance to give you two men any
thing you want. But the women—
I'm afraid—well, she shagged
out of the get the rest of my face
it will satisfy me," said Hester.
"That is, if you don't mind."
"I don't mind," said the picture-galler-
or attractive in your life," declared
the host, gazing admiringly at the
outcast. "Tully said, 'By the way,
he added, 'I wish some one would
introduce me to your friend.'"
"Why," said Tully, "I'm sorry."
Hester gestured toward Nathalie.
"This is Miss Bell, our bump artist."
"Bump artist!"
"Yes," she knew, she does the
rough stuff in our pictures."
"Rough stuff!" some one seemed
to say. "The man; he gazed
curiously at Nathalie and then at
Hester. Finally his eyes rested upon
Tully exclusively. "She means
that you"
"I am delighted to meet you—for
me," Mrs. Tully said, smiling
quietly.

like a panic-stricken writhing of the night.

"Have guess," Tully said coolly, "we'll have fight back a bit to cover the retreat. We've lost too much time."

"I think so," Nathalie seemed upon her feet and bent those shots down the trail.

There came a shrill cry of pain from the rear of the column.

"Good work! That was real shooting. Come on, Miss Bell," he cried and started forward.

The others will be there and over in a minute."

So up toward the bridge they made their way, while bullets whipped the air about their heads, or ricocheted among the rocks. Suddenly the column came to a halt, for the cannon loomed before them, a chorus of dismayed outcry came to them from above. On the bridge, close to the ground, met them.

"The bridge is down," he said.

"No," Nathalie said, "we've blasted our supports on both sides at the same time they jumped the camp. We've a drop of a thousand feet."

"I see. They wanted to make sure we'd get out of the canyon threatened," he replied, fully quietly.

"They haven't got you yet, Mr. Tully," said Nathalie again at the advancing flame spurts.

"Tully, leaning down, saved the girls by the hair of their heads."

"No, not yet they haven't. Come on, Hurry."

Behind the party crouched at the edge of the precipitous heights, alternately gazing at the wreckage of the bridge and the trail, and at the volleys of bullets were whining with increased fury. Hester Danaher lay on the ground, her head in the guard who had remained with the party was kneeling, waiting for the trail to be safe.

"We must have to fight now," Tully peered down at the two men. "Where are your weapons?"

He asked the question, and confessed

and make live of it, its dim mahogany and tarnished gilt speaks for the prosperity of our ancestors, two centuries back, who could afford to import luxuries until a war came along and gave us liberty and home made melodeons.

"The George Washington organ," was brought from England in 1760, but was not placed in the Alexandria edifice until it had served in the choir of a church in another part of Virginia. After an uncertain sojourn in that Church, (too far as the label will deliver its adventures took it to Shepherdstown and later to Hancock, Md., where it remained until the vestry donated it to the museum, where it now heads a collection of musical instruments which vary in size from a rattle to a grand piano and represent every world-period, from Pan's pipes to jazz.

Even a casual survey of the cases that belt the vast and silent room prove that music must have been born with the earth and that it is as natural for humankind to make rhythmic sounds as it is for a cat to purr or a bird to sing in summer. It shows, too, that, though music was known to the Europeans who came to the New World until the tenth century, savage peoples were making music of their own accord, with the materials of state of nature; their sound-making instruments being mostly the result of accidental contact with the materials of their environment.

The exhibit of horns gives evidence that those tribes who lived near the mouth of the Potomac and the Chesapeake of the Interior made their o-

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Some nine species of hawks and falcons were employed, and we hear of the sport being pursued as early as four hundred years before Christ, so that it is one of the most ancient on record.

It is still in vogue in the vicinity of Abasheher, in Persia, the Bedouins of Sahara capturing large numbers of birds to sell for this purpose.

The extent to which the sport prevailed in olden times may be imagined when it is learned that in the year 1290 Kubla Khan, that famous Tartar prince, owned no fewer than ten thousand tame birds (falcons). When hunting he rode an elephant, his men forming a great circle, so that Kubla Khan could enjoy the flight of the birds as they darted after their victims driven into the air by the beaters.

In the seventeenth century one of the kings of Persia was a famous falconer. He owned at least 800 finely trained birds that were edu-

haps from the expense of maintaining so large an establishment, and it may be that the growing sense of humanity has something to do with it. At any rate, it is not known to-day in Europe except on certain very large estates, where it has been perpetuated simply because it was an old custom of the family in the sixteenth or the seventeenth century, when falconry reached the zenith of its popularity.

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IF church organs could talk, there is one at the National Museum that could settle the question whether or not George Washington napped through Sunday sermons in Christ Church. The decision could be strictly relied on, for the reason that the organ was there at the time. Unfortunately for history, the tall and somewhat grandfather-cloakish instrument is dumb in every key of its five octaves, though to any mathematician.

and make live of it, its dim mahogany and tarnished gilt speaks for the prosperity of our ancestors, two centuries back, who could afford to import luxuries until a war came along and gave us liberty and home made melodeons.

"The George Washington organ," was brought from England in 1760, but was not placed in the Alexandria edifice until it had served in the choir of a church in another part of Virginia. After an uncertain sojourn in that Church, (too far as the label will deliver its adventures took it to Shepherdstown and later to Hancock, Md., where it remained until the vestry donated it to the museum, where it now heads a collection of musical instruments which vary in size from a rattle to a grand piano and represent every world-period, from Pan's pipes to jazz.

Even a casual survey of the cases that belt the vast and silent room prove that music must have been born with the earth and that it is as natural for humankind to make rhythmic sounds as it is for a cat to purr or a bird to sing in summer. It shows, too, that, though music was known to the Europeans who came to the New World until the tenth century, savage peoples were making music of their own accord, with the materials of state of nature; their sound-making instruments being mostly the result of accidental contact with the materials of their environment.

The exhibit of horns gives evidence that those tribes who lived near the mouth of the Potomac and the Chesapeake of the Interior made their o-

the horns of animals, while those who lived near bamboo forests utilized sections of pitch-cleared stalk.

It is interesting to note that the shofar from Egypt, made of a twisted ram's horn—an instrument used in the Jewish New Year, and which modern members of that ancient race blow each year on the Jewish New Year. As this horn is made of a twisted ram's horn, and the world, it offers presumptive evidence that the call is the same today as it was in the time of the smallest horn in the exhibit is a pottery rife from Mexico, and the largest is a horn from the forest of some native musician in the wilds of an African jungle.

Another case illustrates the drumming which has been heard around the world. The largest and clumsiest in the lot is an African water-drummer, which scientifically pounded may be called a gourd. It is a merely worm-eaten log scooped into a trough, but it has a convincing air of having been made by a man who was angry and red with the blood of battle.

Other crude, but clever methods made music. The drumming of the South Sea Islands, both for revelry and mourning, shows that the slaves of the old south came honestly by their love for music. The Shooi country in 1874, tells that an organ grinder could be heard in the mountains of Africa and be followed by enthusiastic natives—so long as he turned the handle of his organ.

It was about to be attacked by a horde of warriors he started the band to playing, and the enemy fled. The grinders sawed wood the music lasted. The smallest and most curious specimen in the drug collection is a small animal, a skin of the musk deer, the skin to be attached to the forehead and which the wearer beats with a stick.

The exhibit of stringed instruments comprises the entire viol family, and shows the best work of ancient and modern makers. The violin is the instrument known, and which may recall the Eve of fiddles, is a gigantic thing to be sawed with a one-man string saw. The viol is an ancient bow from India is shaped like a pipe, the bowl covered with animal skin, and the neck of the "kit," which old English dancings called a viol, is played by the pupils the intricacies of their art.

The collection of open and vibrating stringed instruments is a large and interesting one—decorated with a lively looking dragon is a "seh" from China, a big

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